

# THE RESUSCITATOR

THE OH ASSOCIATION 80 Rowley Bridge Road Topsfield, Massachusetts 01983  
*The O H Association is former employees of the AMC Huts System whose activities include sharing sweet White Mountain memories*

---

## Spring Brawl

Saturday, May 21



We moved the date so some current crew can join us.  
Full course meal includes noon lunch, then in afternoon  
little necks, lobster, ice cream, apple pie, beer.  
Prepay \$30, \$15 for current croo and kids under 14.  
Non-seafood menu is \$10, \$8 for current croo and kids under 14.  
12:00 lunch  
1:00 Brawl Game  
4:00 lobster dinner  
Lobster **must** be prepaid since  
they are ordered on a reservation basis only.  
No order, no lobster.  
See order form page 19.

## 40th Anniversary MMVSP

Saturday, June 25

See details page 18

## Andy Boy Broccoli Club Reunion at Lakes

Saturday, July 16

See page 16 Andy Cohen in Gormings

## Greenleaf 75th for Day-trippers & Overnights

Welcome OH-at-a-Hut to join the fun

Saturday, August 13

See page 17 for details; see order form page 19 for resies.

## Oktoberfest

Saturday, October 1

This is the annual work weekend at the Cabin with full  
selection of wurst, kraut, strudel and beer.  
Come work around the Cabin and clear trails.  
Sweat labor pays for your meal.

## Steering Committee Meetings

New Asia Restaurant in Arlington  
See website for confirmation of dates or call Stroker (781) 641 2506  
Meetings are open to all OH in the area

**website**

**www.ohcrou.com**

## FROM THE DESK OF THE CHAIR SPRING 2005

Once again, I'm pleased to report another banner year. Memories far better than mine tell me they can't recall when the OHA was in better shape. The cabin is looking great. We continue to produce or co-sponsor over a half-dozen social events annually for former and current hutmen and hutwomen. In a matter of months, we're transforming ourselves into a nonprofit corporation to better meet changing legal expectations. And we're blessed with a Steering Committee of ridiculously competent, fun, and dedicated individuals.

Yet there's one aspect of our operation that needs attention. Money.

Over half of you reading this slammin' newsletter never pay for it. You don't send dues. You never tack on another ten or twenty bucks to help support the website, repairs to the cabin, firewood, property taxes (ouch!), insurance (double ouch!!), membership development, the Resuscitator, and so on.

The last thing I want to do is guilt-trip anyone or turn this column into an NPR fund drive. But the fact remains that it costs money to bring you stories and news of your old hut buddies and keep a comfy cabin available to you and your guests for just fifteen bucks a night. Such a deal. But the deal works both ways. We need your support. Don't leave it to others. If you haven't already done so, grab a pen, fill out the form on the back of this newsletter, and do your part to pass along the legacy of a strong OH and a classic backwoods cabin to the hutmen and hutwomen of tomorrow. The only "deadheads" in this organization should be the kind that listen to "Truckin'."

A good chunk of change will go to support our ongoing effort to rescue and update the croo photo collections in every hut. This year: Mizpah.

And in addition to our characteristically brimming calendar of events, we have two special treats in store for 2005: the Greenleaf 75th Anniversary (August 13, details on page 17), and the MMVSP 40th Grand Traverse & Alpine Picnic (June 25th, all are invited, details on page 18). Not to be missed!

Last but not least, a year from now I'd like to be writing about how 2005 was the year the OH grew itself younger. All you folks from the 90s and 00s, where are ya? This is your club too. Find out what it's all about. Come join the Steering Committee in Arlington for some great (and cheap!) Chinese food as we plan the coming year's events. Help us design the Recent Croo corner of our website. Make this your OH too.

Solvitur crampus,

Stroker Rogovin

# Berlin Reporter

## A Shooting at Carter Notch

Wednesday, August 4, 1982

Second Class Postage  
Paid at Berlin, New Hampshire

PRICE THIRTY CENTS

By Chris Stewart

Burke shot at AMC hut

Nelson captured

**A**RE POLICEMAN'S SONS PRONE TO CRIME? Maybe. I forget where I was on July 30, 1982 when Ricky Allen Nelson — a 22-year-old cop's son from Princeville, Illinois — shot my friend Geoff Burke. Far from the Appalachian Mountain Club's Carter Notch Hut in New Hampshire's White Mountains, scene of the bloodshed. Days later, after reading newspapers and listening friends describe the event, I remember two things: Geoff would recover. Geoff had stood up to an angry man with a rifle. No surprise there.

**F**lashback to 1969. I skipped high school graduation and arrived at Pinkham Notch Camp at the foot of Mount Washington in late May — a week before Madison Spring Hut opened. That's where I'd have the job of great summer jobs: I'd be a real hutman, packing supplies, cooking meals, working elbow-to-elbow with five other college-age men helping to run a remote mountain hostel — one of eight that provided hearty food, lumpy bunks and a friendly welcome to backcountry hikers. Manly work. Plus, chicks really dug hutboys. Meantime, I was a Pinkham gofer — doing whatever anyone wanted. One day after breakfast, AMC Huts Manager Bruce Sloat told me to backpack frozen hamburger to HoJo's — a modest caretaker's cabin and take-out grill (named in jest after the Howard Johnson's motel and restaurant chain) at the base of Tuckerman Ravine. Before it exploded in a propane fireball in 1972, HoJo's was a lucrative burger-and-hot-dog monopoly, feeding skiers by the hundreds. Bruce's brief instructions: Deliver burger then assist Geoffrey Burke. Bruce said I'd know Geoff when I saw him.

Melting snow and muck covered the 2.4 mile-Tuckerman Ravine Trail starting a few hundred yards above Pinkham Notch Camp. This slippery slog was made tougher under the weight of a rigid wooden pack board (roughly the size and shape of a step ladder) to which a friend had roped five boxes containing about 50 pounds of ground chuck that oozed blood down the back of my legs. The load grew heavier with each more difficult step along the two-and-a-half-hour hike to HoJo's. Wheezing like a chain-smoker, I teetered into HoJo's about noon. The crew fed me as many burgers as I could wolf down.

Three delicious burgers later, I went looking for Geoff. Tuckerman Ravine had a special lure for skiers that spring because it was packed with record-setting snow. Good skiing lasted through June that year.

Friday evenings, Tuckerman's Adirondack shelters filled quickly to the maximum of 90 campers: Later arrivals unrolled sleeping bags on any open ground or hacked tent sites from balsam fir thickets. In the wake of the skiers' Sunday afternoon exodus, garbage rivaled Woodstock the day after the concert. Near the out-houses, downstream from HoJo's, Geoff's voice gave him away. "Goddamned goofers." (Goofers: Pejorative. Thoughtless people not affiliated with the AMC, United States Forest Service, Mount Washington Observatory, Mount Washington Auto Road, Mount Washington Cog Railway, the New Hampshire Fish and Game Department and other official backcountry organizations. Goofers wing aluminum cans over cliffs, flick smoldering Marlboroughs into the underbrush and carve lover's initials on birch trees.)

Bruce was right. Geoff stood out. The body of a 6-foot linebacker in wool pants held by suspenders. About 17-years-old. T-shirt in a mystery color. His hiking boots were scuffed up Limmers (hand-made in nearby Intervale and unmatched for quality). Dark beard. Ratty hair that dropped below his ears. Pigpen on a bad day. My conclusion: One mean dude. I couldn't have been more wrong. Geoff bent forward and with his right hand, freed a bag of potato chips that had been wedged into the snow on the edge of the outhouse sill. (Goofers believe, Geoff explained, that by hiding litter it magically vanishes.) Frowning, he gritted his teeth and crushed the bag into a ball. He poked it into the black plastic trash bag — already clinking, jammed with beer and soda bottles — that he gripped over his shoulder with his left hand. In the same hand, Geoff held a double-bit axe. The blade glistened in the sun.

Seemed to know what he was doing. And so together we collected trash. We talked a lot that afternoon. During the next few days and summers and years, I learned these things: Geoff's grandfather, a Texas orphan, was a pioneer doctor in the Alaskan wilderness. He founded the first hospital north of the Arctic Circle— at Fort Yukon in Alaska in 1910 — where the death rate among the native people exceeded the birth rate. Within a year, Dr. Burke reversed that equation. Geoff's father, also an M.D., practiced in New York, though Geoff had found a second home with the Appalachian Mountain Club. It didn't suit Geoff to live in New York City, or any city. Instead, by a special arrangement with the AMC and Bruce Sloat, he made his home at Pinkham while he finished his final two years of high school, commuting a half hour south to Conway each weekday morning. A lot of beer can be a good thing. None of his Kennett High classmates voted Geoff prom king. His anger is usually just noise. Geoff is passionate, kind, bull-headed, bright. He'd realize his goal to know Alaska firsthand. He lived there for seven years. He said, "Once a person spends time in the White Mountains, he'll always come back." This proved true for Geoff himself. Today, he makes a home with his wife, Annie, daughters, Leah and Eliza, in Tamworth, N.H. He builds lapstrake canoes and wooden boats by hand,

and teaches boat-building classes throughout New England. And he's learned to cope with a lot of pain since being shot.

**T**wenty-two years ago, the most direct route to Carter Notch Hut in the valley east of Wildcat Mountain departed from Route 16 near the site of the Glen House a few miles north of Pinkham Notch Camp. The Mount Washington Auto Road occupies this location today. Geoff and his friend, Joshua Alper, hiked into Carter Notch Hut via the Nineteen Mile Brook Trail Friday afternoon, July 30, 1982. Josh, a practicing Boston lawyer, is an OH and served as "hut daddy" (a semi-official adviser, a position created by the then North Country Board of the AMC) to the Carter crew that summer. In that role — with Geoff's help — Josh packed a rack of lamb, bottles of wine and other gourmet treats in preparation for a party with the hut crew. Geoff's friends on the crew included Daniel Post, now a lawyer in Santa Rosa, California, John Dunn, now practicing medicine in Jeffersonville, Vermont, and the hutmaster, Pamela Scharf. Sue Hall, on days off, lives in Melbourne, Florida with her husband and eighteen-month old daughter.

The original century-plus old Carter Notch Hut has thick walls made from on-site rocks and cement. By 1982, it had been reconfigured to accommodate a rustic kitchen, large dining room and quarters for the Hut crew. Overnight guests slept in one of the two wood-frame bunkhouses a quick minute's walk from the Hut. That day there were (and still are) bunks for a maximum of 40 people. Because the hut was completely reserved that night, the crew started serving dinner promptly at 6 p.m., even though stragglers (including several from a group of 26 from Camp Wyonegonic, a girls' camp in Denmark, Maine) joined a meal-in-progress for the next hour. Consequently, the latest-arriving guests had just finished dessert about 7:30 p.m. In the twilight, Geoff, Josh and a few of the hut crew busied themselves, cleaning up the kitchen and fixing their own supper. Propane gas lights in the hut hadn't yet been lit. Dish washing is a sweaty chore and about 7:40 Geoff needed a break. He shook the soapy water off his hands, stepped back from the sink and walked toward fresh air. As Geoff

started to step out the kitchen door—an opening on the north, lake-facing side of the hut, just to the right of the hut’s main door — Dan Post edged past him from the other direction. By the look on Dan’s face, Geoff knew something wasn’t right. Dan had just encountered a lanky, 6-foot-tall man who wore blue jeans and a long-sleeved shirt. An unremarkable sight, except that a balaclava ski mask hid the man’s face and he carried a gun — a 22-caliber, AR7, collapsible, silver-colored rifle. The masked man had pointed his rifle at Dan and demanded cash. He spoke with a Southern accent.

At first, Dan guessed it might be a hutman’s prank gone sour. It wasn’t. Dan met Geoff’s gaze with a hitch of his shoulders and a “Who is this turkey?” look. Armed robbery? The gun resembled a toy. But Geoff peeked out the door and knew that the rifle wasn’t a fake. He’d seen “From Russia With Love,” James Bond’s gun. In the real world, its purpose was a survival weapon. Geoff stepped outside. Standing perhaps six feet in front of the masked man, Geoff told him to point the gun away in a voice that suggested that he was dealing with someone who knew no better. Witnesses reported that the masked man said “Give me the money. Stay where you are or I’ll shoot,” or words to that effect.

A rising anger blinded Geoff to his own safety. His friends were being threatened in a place he considered his home. He remembers his visceral reaction — fight or flee. No question. It would be fight. He moved closer to the gunman, positioning himself protectively in front of the others. In a firmer, louder voice he said: “I don’t care what your problem is. You don’t point guns at people.” The confrontation drew the attention of more of the hut crew. (By this time, many guests were relaxing in the bunkhouses or exploring The Ramparts — a jumbled field of giant boulders left by a departing glacier, about a quarter mile from the hut.) Inside the kitchen, Pam stopped drying a pot and turned to Josh. “Is this serious?” Josh shrugged his shoulders. No one knew. They looked outside.

Framed through the doorway, Geoff was standing before the masked man. John Dunn was near

Geoff. Geoff gave the gunman until the count of “three” to drop the gun. He focused on the gunman’s mouth and eyes peering from behind the mask. Geoff described the face as “pure evil,” something he had never seen — an absolute disdain for all things human. Particularly, at that moment, for Geoff. Geoff intended to grab the gun and then the gunman. Pumped up on rage and adrenaline, Geoff thought it seemed like the right thing to do. He slowly counted, “One, two...” Before “three,” the gunman lowered the rifle that had been pointed at Geoff’s chest, and shot him in the leg. Geoff reeled back screaming and crumpled to the ground.

The blast stunned everyone. Josh was chopping onions on the counter to the left of the stove when the shot. “I placed the knife on the countertop, and raised my hands,” Josh recalled, “yelling to everyone that we should do exactly as we were told.” Geoff had collapsed backward from the doorway, and slumped on the ground several feet beyond the kitchen steps, facing the hut. He described the sensation as a “molten-hot poker” jabbed into his lower right calf, just above his heel. He rocked back and forth, writhing in agony, holding his leg, gulping for air and bellowing, “You son of a bitch. You shot me in the leg!” Blood gushed from the wound.

The gunman adopted a combat stance, legs spread, prepared to swivel left or right. Cool character. John stepped out through the door and asked if he could help Geoff. The gunman nodded, said “Yeah” and again demanded, “Where’s the cash box? Where’s the cash box?” Dan entered the hut, found the cash box and passed it to the gunman. The box contained about \$75. The gunman tucked the box under his arm, pivoted and ran down the trail for a few yards. Then he hesitated and bolted back to the hut. “Where’s the radio?” he wanted to know. “Where’s the radio?” Geoff gazed up from the ground and screamed back, “We don’t have a radio, you asshole!” Before the gunman could react, Pam Scharf pressed the point with more gentle words: “We don’t have a radio. I think you’ve done enough,” she said. “Why don’t you get going?” The gunman sized up the small group that had assembled outside the hut. Others on the crew chimed in with the same message. The gunman waved the rifle and warned, “Don’t anyone try to follow me!” Then he ran toward the lake in the direction of the Nineteen Mile Brook Trail. Luckily, he

didn't notice the radio antenna on the roof. "That was the last we saw of him," Dan later wrote.

Even after Nelson's departure, tension remained extreme. No one was certain that the wacko might not return at any moment to kill Geoff or to shoot someone else. At Dan's suggestion, the hut crew waited 15 minutes before radioing for help — reasoning that if the gunman did return in the middle of a radio transmission, he might take revenge. At first, Geoff wanted to give chase. The adrenaline hadn't worn off. That impulse wavered as the pain spiked. John Dunn found the first-aid kit and he and Josh attended to Geoff's wound.

Although they couldn't find an exit hole, conditions seemed manageable. Because Geoff had been applying pressure to the wound, visible bleeding had been stanching, aided by the artery's natural tendency to self-closure. John relieved Geoff, applied a pressure dressing to the wound, and together he and Josh carried Geoff into the crew room, easing him onto a bunk. The pain was staggering. Geoff guessed he might die or lose his leg. Josh and John cleaned and dressed the wound, elevating Geoff's leg and cold packed it with bags of frozen string beans. (Later, at Memorial Hospital's Emergency Room, the nurses would ask Geoff if they could have the string beans for dinner. Geoff remembers it made him smile.) By now, anxious guests congregated at the hut. Pam handled crowd control. She asked everyone to stay outside for awhile, saying that there had been a "spot of trouble." Josh also fielded questions from frightened guests. "One woman asked that we not take all the men with us on a litter party," he recalled.

Now, even though it was well after sunset, Geoff had an urgent thought: That jerk isn't going to get away with this. Geoff wanted someone to poke around for the shell casing so that it might be used as evidence. He guessed from the Bond film where the casing might be. Prowling around with his flashlight, John discovered the casing; he picked it up with a pin, wrapped it in polyethylene, and tucked in an envelope. The radio log of communication between Pinkham and Carter notes that Geoff's vital signs were stable late into the night. Around 8:45 p.m. — about 45 minutes after the first tentative call was made from Carter — Geoff's pulse was 72. At 9:30 p.m., his pulse had dropped to 60 and

his respiration was regular. But now Geoff felt more pain. That, coupled with the chance of internal bleeding and an oozing wound convinced Pinkham to initiate an evacuation.

Meanwhile, John Dunn received an OK to give Geoff one tablet of Percodan every two to three hours. Though the drug didn't bring sleep, it eased his pain. Later that long evening, a woman whose name Geoff never learned gave him much-needed comfort. She sat beside him, holding his hand, waiting to see whether help or the gunman would arrive. About midnight, anxious crew and guests welcomed their rescue in the person of a fit and rifle-toting officer from the New Hampshire Fish and Game Department. Everyone could tell that he was an experienced and skilled outdoorsman. There was collective relief.

Half an hour later, at 12:35 a.m. on July 31, the remaining litter party of about two dozen had hiked up the 3.8 mile Nineteen Mile Brook Trail. (The AMC contingent included David Warren, Peter Furtardo, Misha Kirk, Bill Kelley, Grant Fine, Dan Tinkham, Dan Molotsky, John Bernard, Martha Gamble, Kathy Rankin, Carey Hills, Ira Jones, Martha Guild, Mike Pratt, John Cazzetta, Dave Wemett, Rita Hennessey, Joan Doyle and Mark Hitchcock. The party departed from Pinkham at 10:55, arriving at the Hut an hour and a half later. The AMC White Mountain Guide pegs the trip time at two hours, 50 minutes. Theirs was a remarkable pace, especially in the darkness.) Because no one knew the whereabouts of the shooter, the rescue party had taken special care before departing for the hut. Many were law enforcement officials from the New Hampshire Fish and Game Department, and they came armed as well. (Bill Hastings, who headed up the contingent from the New Hampshire Fish and Game Department, provided reassuring presence at the hut after the litter party departed.) Leg immobilized, Geoff was strapped in the litter and the drudgery began.

Lugging a litter is not fun. At the start, you imagine that you're a hero. A few minutes into the task, that illusion disappears. Six people at a time — three grasping each side of a shallow, metal frame —

rotate on duty and off, lurching down the trail, bumping into rocks and trees and each other. Shoulders strain. Fingers grow numb. Lungs strain for air. The more volunteers who rotate into the carry, the less taxing the work. “Really sorry to have to put you out,” Geoff remembers telling one litter party member during the stumbling descent in the darkness. That person nodded and kept moving. At one pause in the carry, Geoff’s requested that his arms be freed. They were. It was a lucky thing. The carry out was uneventful except when the litter was passed hand-to-hand across the lip of a cement dam a mile from the trail’s end. At that crossing, because his arms were free, Geoff was able to grab hold of a litter carrier and help avoid being dunked into the brook when someone lost his footing. A truck was waiting on the opposite side of the dam and carried Geoff the final mile to the road. Bad news travels fast. At the Glen House at faint dawn, Geoff hazily answered a few questions posed by a curious crowd of perhaps a dozen people. At 4:20 a.m., an ambulance departed with Geoff for Memorial Hospital in North Conway.

Ricky Allen Nelson acted the weirdo well before his visit to Carter Notch Hut, and it helped to ensure his capture. A week before the shooting, Don Feeney—an employee of the United States Forest Service—had reported someone matching Nelson’s description at the No Ketchum Pond shelter in the Wild River Wilderness. This shelter is an easy day’s hike from Carter Notch Hut. Evidently, Nelson enjoyed brandishing his silver rifle and this left an impression. Those who encountered him didn’t forget. Feeney passed this information on to the Forest Service, and this news had reached Bill Hastings of Fish and Game. The Forest Service determined Nelson’s identity from his campfire permit—an indication that Nelson hadn’t planned on covering his tracks before executing his daylight robbery. Police then called Nelson’s mother at her home in Illinois at 2:20 a.m. Saturday morning. She provided more complete information about her son. A radio bulletin went out describing Nelson in detail.

Police subsequently learned that Nelson knew someone working at Wildcat Ski area at the top of Pinkham Notch on Route 16—just to the west of,

and within a few hour’s hike of Carter Notch Hut. They contacted Nelson’s acquaintance with instructions to report any word from the suspect. This paid off. At 11:30 a.m. on Saturday, the acquaintance called police to say that Nelson had just been in touch. Nelson sensed he was in trouble, and he asked his acquaintance for a car. The acquaintance suggested they meet in the parking lot that evening after 6. Authorities set a trap. An undercover team surrounded the area. Led by the New Hampshire State Police, the law enforcement net comprised more than 50 personnel from Fish and Game, the United States Forest Service and the Sheriff’s Departments of Coos County and Carroll County. That evening, Nelson emerged from the woods, walked across the dirt parking lot and opened the door to his buddy’s car. His friend then told him that he was in the gun sights of many skilled marksmen.

Thus Ricky Alan Nelson was captured at 6:32 in the evening of July 31 at the Wildcat Ski area. Justice was swift. Nelson pleaded guilty to armed robbery and assault, and was sentenced to a term of two to 10 years in a New Hampshire prison. There’s only one piece of news about Nelson’s fate since then. After he served his time, he sent Geoff a check for \$452 as compensation for hospital bills.

The ambulance transported Geoff to the emergency entrance at Memorial Hospital, pulling in just before the night shift ended. A physician briskly examined Geoff’s wound, applied an ointment, wrapped the leg in a dressing and pronounced him fit for discharge. Geoff was too traumatized and medicated to budge from his gurney. A half hour later, Dr. Robert Tilney re-examined Geoff. He found the exit wound that the first doctor had missed. He also removed the ointment applied by the first doctor—turned out it was ineffective—cleaned and dressed the wound, administered antibiotics and gave Geoff a more thorough exam. Because Geoff had no insurance, Dr. Tilney provided this care for free. The damage: The bullet had missed all bones, traveling completely through Geoff’s leg, nicking his Achilles tendon. Amazingly, Geoff required no hospitalization. Basic treatment involved keeping the wound clean and elevated, and

changing the dressing twice daily. As soon as Geoff was able, Dr. Tilney recommended that physical therapy begin.

From this point forward, New Hampshire gave Ricky Allen Nelson more generous assistance—in the form of food, shelter, rehabilitation and medical care as a ward of the state— than it offered to his victim. Geoff rested for a few weeks at his apartment in Center Conway where he had been working as a caretaker on a country estate. Once sufficiently healed, he followed Dr. Tilney's advice and returned to Memorial Hospital to begin physical therapy. Paperwork wedged in his pants pocket, hobbling forward on crutches across the hospital reception room, he waited in line at the admitting desk. Did he have insurance? "No? Sorry. Then there's nothing that we can do."

Pressure mounted. Geoff had no income because he couldn't work. Because he couldn't work, he couldn't meet his obligations to his landlord. His landlord gave Geoff two weeks to find another place before he'd be evicted. A friend in Chocorua let Geoff set up a tent on the lawn of his already crowded home. Broke, Geoff asked for assistance from the state of New Hampshire Department of Health and Human Services. He encountered a Catch 22: Because he had no

kitchen in his "home" and, therefore, would have no acceptable place to cook, he did not qualify for food stamps. In addition, because he was such a healthy fellow, no welfare would be forthcoming. "We offer no assistance for any males unless they are completely disabled," he was told.

And so Geoff made his own way, helped by friends and family. The Appalachian Mountain Club did help with some of Geoff's medical bills but the costs have been more lasting than Geoff could have imagined. The shooting has been a daily part of his life ever since. About nine years ago, he came to realize that something was very wrong. He felt unusually anxious around strangers, prone to panic, afraid of noises. Nowhere was safe. When he had to move into a new home, something snapped. Geoff became profoundly depressed. According to the therapist he visited, Geoff's was classic post-traumatic stress syndrome. Therapy continues today. And Geoff still lives with the physical aftermath as well. There's pain from the wound. His right leg swells when he stands or walks. To date, he's received no compensation from the state of New Hampshire. Next time, Geoff says, he'd quickly give the money to the gunman.



1982 Carter crew  
*From left to right:*  
Sue Hall  
Pam Scharf  
Dan Post  
John Dunn

*Chris Stewart is an Old Hutman who had thick Fabio-length blond curls during his rookie year at Madison in 1969. Today, he is an almost-bald editor of the Portland Press Herald. Chris' post-but interviews with Old Hutmen have provided invaluable material for our archives. Josh Alper is credited with providing a great part of the research and the largest portion of the impetus for this story.*

# OH & Wildcat by Jeff Leich



*Malcolm McLane, Brooks Dodge and George Macomber—three of the original four Wildcat founders*

“**E**ACH FALL I have had the desire to open up some of the old roads on the Cat for ski runs and hope to this fall... I know of no important work that will prevent us from doing considerable of this sort of work.” These words written by Joe Dodge in June 1932 to his friend and former Lakes hutmaster, Bob Monahan in a letter now in the Dartmouth College Special Collections are the first documented reference to skiing on Wildcat Mountain in Pinkham Notch.

Wildcat may have been the first of the major White Mountains to be climbed in winter, if we can trust the account in the December, 1853 *Putnam's Monthly* by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Visiting Carter Notch, Higginson had spoken with Bill Perkins, a rugged area native who claimed a snowshoe ascent of Wildcat in that year.

The trail work on Wildcat never did get done in the fall of 1932, because Dodge and Monahan shortly became involved with a larger project that they had

discussed for much longer. Pinkham Notch Camp had been open year-round beginning in the winter of 1926-27. In December of 1926, Dodge, Monahan, then a Dartmouth undergraduate, and three of Monahan's Dartmouth friends spent three nights in Camden Cottage on the summit of Mt. Washington making weather observations. That trip became the nucleus of an idea for the reinstatement of a summit weather observatory similar to the manned station of the late 19th century run by the U.S. Army Signal Corps. The idea came to fruition in the fall and winter of 1932, as the Mount Washington Observatory took shape. Monahan became the Observatory's chief on the mountain, while Dodge handled fundraising and logistics from Pinkham Notch Camp.

It wasn't clear that first winter that the Observatory would continue for more than one winter season, so in the spring Monahan signed on with the brand new Civilian Conservation Corps outfit forming at the Wild



River camp in Gilead, ME. The CCC was a Depression agency formed by newly-inaugurated President Franklin D. Roosevelt in March of 1933. Aware that a “new army of amateur foresters” would be organized and seeking recreation projects in the National Forests, several influential skiers and state tourism officials proposed that ski trails be cut on some of New Hampshire’s peaks. The proposal was accepted, and some of the first CCC projects in the state were the ski trails cut in the summer of 1933. Though these trails represented only a tiny fraction of the work done by the CCC in the 1930s, they were quite significant for devotees of the infant sport of downhill skiing.

Monahan moved a crew of 35 men from Wild River to the Darby Field Sub-camp, located at the site of today’s DOT garage between Pinkham Notch Visitor Center and Wildcat. The place then was nothing more than a gravel pit that the crews graded for their 24-man tents, but had earlier been the site of the Darby Field Cottage, a 19th-century boarding house that took its name from the first European to climb Mt. Washington, who was then thought to have started his climb from that site. The 35 men of the camp worked on 5 separate projects in a 3-mile radius. One crew, bossed by Ed LeBlanc, started construction of the Wildcat Trail in July, 1933, following markings laid out by Charley Proctor.

Except for the fact of his most proper demeanor, Proctor could be called our first ski bum. After Dartmouth, where he was the dominant skier of the 1920s, and with a brief detour as Treasurer of the Cog Railway, he made a living as a ski trail designer, ski shop manager, ski instructor, and ski area manager at a time when making a living from skiing was unheard-of for an American. Before moving West to operate the Badger Pass area near Yosemite, he spent several summers surveying locations for N.H. ski trails. Besides the Wildcat, the Sherburne and Gulf of Slides Ski Trails are some of his surviving legacies. The completed Wildcat was ready for use in the winter of 1934, along with an entire network of Pinkham Notch trails connecting the AMC camp with the Glen House. The Wildcat had the greatest vertical rise, 2,000 feet in 1.5 miles, was 18 to 60 feet wide, with an average grade of 15 degrees and a maximum

pitch of 33 degrees.

After this early experience with the CCC, Monahan moved on to the Washington office of the Forest Service, where he was involved with ski area permits on National Forests across the country. In the late 1930s he was sent on a swing across the country to visit each winter sports area located on a Forest, and the report he wrote gives a glimpse into just how many ski areas had sprouted up on public land in the West in that decade. Monahan was also involved with choosing the site for Camp Hale, the Colorado army camp which was the training ground for the 10th Mountain Division.

One early trip on the Wildcat that had vast repercussions for US skiing came in April 1934, when Carroll Reed, a Boston skier and a founder of the White Mountain Ski Runners, climbed the trail with his friend Mary Bird and others. At a spot soon called Carroll’s Corner, just above the point today’s Wildcat skiers know as Sun Valley, Reed slipped at an icy brook crossing, hit a tree, and incurred a spinal fracture that left him partially paralyzed for a number of weeks. During his long convalescence, Reed happened on an article about European ski schools in the AMC’s journal, *Appalachia*. Author Thomas Cabot described the popularity of the ski schools of the Alps, focusing on the Hannes Schneider Ski School of St. Anton, Austria and expressing hope that such ski schools would soon be found in the US.

Reed was taken with the idea, with the encouragement of Mary Bird, who had gone on a multi-day ski expedition with Schneider and six others in the previous year. By the season of 1935-36, with the financial assistance of Jackson innkeepers, Reed had arranged for Benno Rybizka, one of Schneider’s most experienced instructors, to winter in Jackson and teach skiing there. This foothold of Schneider’s ski school in America grew as Schneider protégés Otto Lang, Friedl Pfeiffer and Toni Matt arrived on their way to American skiing renown; then Hannes himself settled in North Conway in 1939.

The Wildcat Trail was a popular ski destination in the 1930s. All skiing in the area was of the earn-your-turns variety, as the first American rope tow did not appear until 1934, and ski lifts that could serve a

2,000 vertical foot descent were not practical until the end of the decade. Skiers usually made one or two runs, using climbing skins and a free heel for the ascent, though some made more. Bruce Sloat, AMC Huts Manager in the 1960s, recalls making four climbs up the trail on at least one occasion in the 1950s when he was working at Pinkham. Despite the climb, the Wildcat's popularity was such that Bartlett's Bear Mountain Trail was improved with an eye to relieving some of the traffic on the Wildcat.

While it was probably not designed specifically as a race trail, the Wildcat became popular as such, and was one of five Class A racing trails in the East in the 1930s. Two of Wildcat's companion Class A trails, the Nose Dive on Mt. Mansfield and the Taft on Cannon Mountain, became the nuclei of major ski areas before World War II as lifts were built to access both. Private landowners at Stowe and the State of N.H. at Cannon developed those ski lifts, but the US Forest Service owned the land at Wildcat. And though just about every National Forest in the west had ski areas permitted to private operators, none had been proposed on the White Mountain National Forest.

It wasn't until a decade after the end of World War II that a serious proposal to build a completely new ski area in an Eastern national forest surfaced, and when it did, Wildcat was the chosen site. In April of 1955—fifty years ago now—two groups geared up to convince the Forest Service to allow lift and trail construction to augment the CCC trail. One group, the Pinkham Notch Development Association, whose spokesmen to the Forest Service were Lester Brown and Ed Hampshire, stopped short of incorporation and soon dropped their bid. It was a partnership of four men with connections to the AMC and with extensive experience in competitive skiing, Mack Beal, Brooks Dodge, George Macomber, and Malcolm McLane, who would obtain a Forest Service permit to construct a major commercial ski development at Wildcat. Their company, Wildcat Mountain Corporation, would make the days of walk-up skiing on the Wildcat only a memory.

Joe's son, Brooks Dodge, and his sister Ann grew up at Pinkham, and their first ski lessons were with Joe down at the Glen House, at the base of the

Katzensteig Trail. "We'd walk up in our boots, and then we would put our arms around one of my Dad's legs and he would ski down," Brooks recalls.



*Teen, Ann, Brooks in sled and Joe Dodge*

When they could ski on their own, their mother, Teen, took them to Jackson for lessons with Franz Koessler of the Hannes Schneider Ski School. With this firm technical foundation, they were able to polish their ability on the Wildcat Trail after school in Gorham let out. After the war Brooks recorded many first descents in Tuckerman Ravine, developing a tighter ski turn better suited to the Ravine's narrow gullies than the Arlberg technique he learned in Jackson. Brooks caught the attention of Dartmouth ski coach Walter Prager, who recruited him for the college team and made it possible for him to attend via scholarships and jobs in Hanover. After his graduation, he skied for the U.S. Team in the 1952 and 1956 Winter Olympic Games, winning sixth in the Giant Slalom in 1952. In the 1960s, he was instrumental in the development of Canadian helicopter skiing, urging Hans Gmoser to augment his guided backcountry skiing operation with helicopter transport and recruiting Gmoser's first heli-ski customers.

Brooks' hut career began in 1943 when he was 13

as war had depleted the hut system staff, and Joe sent every male as his disposal into the huts. Offered the choice, Brooks picked Madison, and after learning how to cook roast beef, blueberry muffins and apple pies from his mother Teen, renowned for her outstanding cooking, he was off up the Valley Way. He would spend four summers at Madison, the last two as hutmaster. In 1945, as a 15-year-old first-time hutmaster with 20-year-old war veterans on his crew, he was understandably a bit wary, but Joe's advice proved true: "Look, you know more than anybody else about running that hut...you're packing pretty heavily now, and you are a marvelous cook...you lead people by doing the job better than any of them can do and you keep your damn mouth shut."

When Brooks was a freshman and on the Dartmouth ski team, he crossed paths with team-mate Malcolm McLane, then a senior. Malcolm grew up in the 1930s in an extended family that took hiking and skiing seriously, staying in the huts, skiing Tuckerman from Pinkham for two weeks each spring, and skiing elsewhere in New England before lifts were common. After his war service, he spent the summer of 1946 at Greenleaf, "one of the best experiences I ever had" in his recollection. His future wife Susan Niedlinger was working in Franconia at Sel Hannah's Ski Hearth Farm (visible from near the hut), so he made frequent trips down the trails for visits. While Malcolm wasn't a heavy packer, he could move rapidly over the rough terrain and claimed some speed records. "My favorite record...I touched off after supper from the back steps of Greenleaf, ran to the summit in 15 minutes, stood up there and waved my hands so that they guys down below could see me, ran back down in 7 minutes, so it was 22 minutes roundtrip. It was a gallop. You never put the brakes on, that was my theory of protecting my knees..."

Summers in the huts served both Brooks and Malcolm well for skiing by providing physical training that was not at all the standard for skiers of that era. "I was in such wonderful condition when the winter started that I could spend all of my time perfecting my technique and not worrying about getting myself in shape...The rest of the guys were just skiing as hard as they could to get themselves in

condition," Brooks reflects.

Mack Beal worked for Joe Dodge as a ridgerunner traveling between huts to fill in where needed before he went into the submarine service, and returned to Pinkham when on leave from the Navy to help out in the hut system. He was especially interested in assisting Joe in ski race timing, and worked with him all over the Eastern U.S. as a race official. He timed several races on the Wildcat Trail, and was in the office at Pinkham coordinating radio communications for the American Inferno.

Mack was a Class A ski racer, though not at the elite level that Brooks attained. Mack, Brooks and Malcolm were friendly from U.S. Eastern Amateur Ski Association (USEASA) competition. After the war Mack worked as a conservation officer for New Hampshire Fish & Game, spent a year as a U.S. Game Management Agent in Connecticut and Rhode Island, then returned to New Hampshire to serve as assistant director of New Hampshire Fish & Game. He resigned from that agency in the mid-1950s to pursue private business. In 1956 he was abroad with the U.S. men's National Ski Team as their acting manager as they prepared for the Winter Olympic Games in Cortina, Italy.

The initial 1955 proposal to build a ski area at Wildcat by the Pinkham Notch Development Association was publicized in the *Eastern Ski Bulletin*. Malcolm recalls the day in April that he heard about the plan from Joe Dodge: "Well Joe was sort of up in arms about that, because this was his backyard. It's where Brookie had learned to ski, and started breaking records. And so Joe called me up and said 'Get on up here Mac, we're going to talk about this Wildcat, maybe we can develop it, we can't let somebody else do it.' And so I did, got up there the next night, took a full spring weekend, and we began to write plans, and Brookie was there and Mack was there".

Malcolm was by then an attorney, and he drew up incorporation documents shortly after the meeting. As the senior man, Joe Dodge was made President, though according to Brooks he was never particularly enthusiastic about the idea of lift-served skiing. Joe withdrew from the corporation soon after it was formed, and his share of the new company devolved on Brooks. Seeing the need for a partner with expertise in

the construction business, they called their friend George Macomber, a Boston ski racer who had been selected for the 1948 US Team, but had been kept from competing by an injury. He had been employed by the family construction firm, the George B.N. Macomber Company, since 1952, when he was project manager on a construction job at Memorial Hospital in North Conway. He was also President of USEASA from 1953 to 1956. George Macomber would become active with the AMC in later years, and was heavily involved with the recent club renovation of the Crawford Depot.

The first hurdle in the project was to obtain a Forest Service special use permit for a ski area. While no ski areas had been permitted on the White or Green National Forests before the war, the Forest Service seemed willing to entertain proposals in the 1950s. The Laconia office announced a bid process for a permit for a Wildcat ski development in November 1955, and the requirements of the permit were developed in a prospectus written for the Forest Service by their ski area planning consultant, Sel Hannah.

The Forest Service solicited opinion from a range of interested groups, and did not receive much negative comment. The AMC and the Forest Society expressed some reservations, but no firm opposition to ski area development, such as would emerge about 15 years in the future, was yet organized. At a Forest Society meeting in Intervale in the fall of 1955, Bob Monahan, now the Dartmouth College Forester, was the most forceful proponent of the project. In the end, the permit was issued to the Wildcat Mountain Corporation, and the job of raising capital began.

Malcolm's legal expertise again came to the fore. The group decided to offer stock in the corporation to the public, with lifetime lift privileges to investors of the first \$500,000 as a benefit. Malcolm drew up a prospectus outlining the structure, and financing activities proceeded in 1956 and 1957. It's unclear if Wildcat was the first ski area in the country to form this sort of financing structure, but Malcolm did get inquiries from other areas soon after his prospectus was approved by the government, and for years he could see his legalese from the Wildcat document repeated in

stock offerings from new ski areas across the country.

Construction of the mountain commenced in June 1957, with Macomber Construction serving as the contractor. George Macomber was the on-site supervisor, and Brooks played a large role in the trail clearing. The main lift was to be an Italian gondola built by Carlevaro-Savio. Mack Beal and Brooks Dodge had both done research on lifts while in Europe. Brooks was impressed by the von Roll gondolas, but the company's prices were above what Wildcat could afford, so the Savio firm was chosen. Mack worked with the designer, Dr. Savio, in Milano, and visited the factory in Bolzano where the gondola cars were manufactured—the normal production of the plant consisted of amusement park bumper cars. All seemed to be going according to plan in the summer of 1957, when Dr. Savio arrived for an inspection tour. George Macomber was there when he saw the base building for the first time. “It's backwards!” he said. I could have fallen through the ground. Somehow the base terminal had been reversed. The mistake had eluded me, the engineers, and the Forest Service. Savio was a genius, however, and it took him only ten minutes to figure out how to correct the problem...but what a terrible ten minutes!”



Photo by Dick Smith

*View of Mt. Washington from original Wildcat Trail*

In addition to the bottom-to-top lift line, the Wildcat Trail was widened, and a new trail, the Polecat, was built. Brooks did much of the trail layout, making multiple passes up and down the routes with several different colors of flagging. First getting the centerline flagged out to his satisfaction, he would then define the trail edges for the logging contractor. For work on the upper part of the mountain, Brooks set up a camp for the cutters so they could avoid the long trek to and from the work site each day. He packed two large wall tents up the Wildcat to a flat spot at the 3250-foot level, and kept the crews supplied with food with his packboard. The site of that camp is still called Tent City today, though few Wildcat skiers know the origin of the name.

Wildcat was ready to open by the end of 1957, but snowfall had yet to appear. A 14-inch New Year's storm allowed the T-bar to open, and the gondola made its first run on January 25, 1958. Whiteface Mountain in New York opened on the same day, though Wildcat's maiden voyage was the more auspicious because at Whiteface a chairlift malfunctioned and left Governor Averill Harriman stranded aloft for half an hour. Wildcat's gondola was the first such ski lift in the U.S., and it proved to be remarkably long-lived. Much of its longevity would be possible because of extensive re-engineering by Wildcat personnel over the years, particularly by engineer Stan Judge, hired in 1959 to be General Manager of the mountain. (Stan's wife, Kathleen Revis Judge, was the photographer on the 1960 Justice William Douglas trip through the AMC huts chronicled in the August 1961 *National Geographic* article that brought a surge in hut visits). Other Carlevaro-Savio gondolas in the U.S. did not have nearly the track record of Wildcat's. Both Crested Butte CO and Sugarbush VT installed the lifts, but took them out decades before the Wildcat gondola was retired in 1999. In the late 1960s Carlevaro-Savio went out of business after apparently underestimating the costs of the Killington gondola that it contracted to install.

As one of two major ski areas built in New England after World War II (Mad River Glen VT was the other), Wildcat in 1958 was a major new development on the eastern skiing scene. It received widespread

publicity on its opening, and prominent figures such as Stein Ericksen were photographed there. The ski racing backgrounds of the founders were reflected in two competition events held there in the first years. In 1959 the USEASA Alpine Championships—the Easterns—were held there, with Gordie Eaton, Betsy Snite and Penny Pitou taking top honors. In 1961 the Nationals were hosted at Wildcat. These prestigious events put Wildcat on the map of skiers nationwide, but the ski business was evolving rapidly, in ways not favorable to an area located completely in National Forest land.

As early as 1959, the lack of lodging accommodations at the mountain began to be felt in the corporation's pocketbook. The terms of the Forest Service permit did not allow for any sort of lodging, and the distance from Gorham and North Conway was a disadvantage. Skiers were beginning to consider buying or building second homes near ski resorts, a trend begun at Mittersill New Hampshire just after the war. The Wildcat Mountain Corporation considered acquiring private land in the two locations that were within a reasonable distance—the Glen House property, and the private land at the end of Carter Notch Road known as Prospect Farm. Neither of these initiatives worked out, in part because revenue from skiers and summer sightseers never allowed for more than the maintenance of the ski area.



Photo by Dick Smith

*Mack Beal on left with ski patrol director Murray Pope*

The four founders stayed involved in the mountain while attending to their careers and families. George

Macomber served as President of the corporation until 1968, when Malcolm McLane took over. Brooks and Mack served on the Board. The publicly-owned structure necessitated annual stockholder meetings, and the proceedings from those meetings, particularly George's President's Reports, are important sources on Wildcat's history.

Profits from the occasional banner year were plowed back into new trails and lifts, and significant expansions occurred in 1962 and 1970. In the 1970s and 1980s there were several very good revenue years, but the bad years always outweighed the good. In this period a combination of back-to-back snowless winters leading to increased demand for expensive snowmaking installations, rising energy costs, and huge increases in the cost of liability insurance shook the ski industry, causing many smaller areas to close. Wildcat could not escape these trends, and was not well-situated for efficient snowmaking due to its large acreage and scant water supply. A good winter for snow could still trump everything though, and the winter of 1984 was particularly successful, giving hope that one more good year could erase the accumulated deficit. However, 1985 and 1986 were disastrous, and Wildcat Mountain Corporation was forced to seek a buyer for the area. When the Franchi family of Boston purchased the assets of Wildcat Mountain Corporation in 1986, the role of the four founding fathers of Wildcat came to a close.

Reflecting on the motivation of the founders when they began the project in his 1997 memoirs, George Macomber remembered: "If we had been looking for the best mountain in New England to develop into a commercial ski area, we never would have chosen Wildcat. But we went at it backwards: we loved the mountain, so we developed it. Wildcat was a famous mountain, and if we hadn't seized this opportunity, some other fools probably would have. You can't think about a project like this only in economic terms. You have to do it for the love of it".

Wildcat is almost unique in the American ski business in that despite its lack of base area development, it has a measure of financial viability. It shares a kinship with some other notable areas—Mad River Glen, Alta, A-Basin, a few others—in the challenge of

its terrain and its back-to-basics atmosphere. Wildcat continues to be Spartan yet functional, no-nonsense, with a passionately loyal following, requiring from its devotees a degree of endurance and tolerance of the elements—in short, the ski area equivalent of the AMC hut system.

## **OH with Wildcat Connections**

**Joe Dodge:** Original conception; timer of races and organizer of rescues on the Wildcat Trail.

**Bob "Gramp" Monahan:** Pinkham 1924, 1925, Carter 1925, Lakes 1926; supervisor of the CCC crew that cut the Wildcat Trail.

**Wendell Lees:** Lonesome 1930, 1930-33 Greenleaf; timer of races on the Wildcat Trail.

**Brooks "Hiram" Dodge:** 1943-46 Madison, 1949 Lakes; Record-holder several times over on old Wildcat; founder of Wildcat Mountain Corporation.

**Mack Beal:** Pinkham 1940; founder of Wildcat Mountain Corporation.

**Malcolm "Mac" McLane:** Greenleaf 1946; founder of Wildcat Mountain Corporation.

**Mary Edgerton Sloat:** Pinkham 1960; Manager of Carroll Reed Ski Shop at Wildcat.

**Joe Gill:** Lakes 1974; Carter Winter 1975; Zealand 1975; Mizpah 1976; Tuckerman 1977-1984; Ski patroller and assistant patrol director; currently oversees all ski areas on White Mountain National Forest for the Forest Service.

**Jeff Leich:** Lakes 1968 & 69; Galehead 1970 & 71; Ski patroller and patrol director.

**Alexa Bernotavicz:** Pinkham 1995-1998, AMC Search & Rescue Coordinator; currently ski patrol director and lift operations & maintenance director.

**Steve Nichipor:** 1993 Madison; currently ski patroller.

*Jeff Leich is Executive Director of the New England Ski Museum in Franconia Notch, a position for which his background as a ski shop manager, golf course superintendant, ski patrol director and state park ranger thoroughly prepared him. He and his family live in North Conway. He writes for the museum's journal and has published *Over the Headwall, an illustrated ski history of Tuckerman Ravine and Tales of the 10th on the 10th Mountain Division*.*

## In Memoriam

**Doug George** wrote:

In the early morning of January 20, 2005, my dad, **Morton M. George** passed away in Concord, NH. He was 81.

Trained as an aeronautically engineer, he was an honorable veteran of WWII serving on the USS Lexington, an aircraft carrier crisscrossing the South Pacific. He was a husband, father, avid hunter and fly fisherman, and accomplished businessman.

My dad didn't work in the huts. What he did do was help instill in me a love for the outdoors, which led to me to the mountains, and then to the huts. His two best friends were my character references when I was "recommended" for membership in the AMC. His hard work, his willingness to let go of me when I was 16 that first summer in the old Pinkham parking lot, to let me seek my own way, to learn from my own mistakes, enabled me to work six summers in the huts, a job he knew I loved.

Working in the huts, I also met the wonderful girl who was later to become my wife. To my dad, I am forever indebted.

**Susan McLane**, wife of **Malcolm McLane** died of Alzheimer's in February. She served 12 years in the NH House of Representatives and was an advocate of a state income tax that earned her the Manchester Union Leader's nick-name "Broad-Based Sue"—a label she wore proudly. In 2004, she co-wrote a book with her daughter based on her newsletter about her disease, *The Last Dance*, published by Peter E. Randall.

**Henry Swampy Paris**, aged 90 on March 11, a 50-year member of the original Mount Washington Volunteer Ski Patrol and credited by many MMVSP Patrol members as **Tony Macmillan's** inspiration to form his competing organization.

## Gormings

Honors at our annual meeting to **Ann and Jack Middleton** who were given Honorary Memberships to the OHA for their many years of service.

Then the next weekend at the AMC annual meeting, **Stroker Rogovin** took home the Joe Dodge Award. His OHA service was duly recognized, but what stood out during the recognition was his many years of volunteer work at AMC's Three Mile Island. He spent the last weeks of '04

in Egypt where he bagged the highest peak, the 2665 m. Mt. Katherine in Sinai, and reaped spectacular views.

**Maria Palaitis** is engaged to be married to Frederick Ottinger of Philadelphia.

**Tom Heffernan** and his mules are doing lots of volunteer work for the USFS in the Black Hills, SD where he lives.

**Ronna Cohen** is looking forward to a 20th anniversary croo reunion at Lakes this July and is doing lots of trail running to prepare.

**Al Starkey** enjoyed a March 2004 vacation to Argentina and invites any to visit him on the Minnesota "tundra."

**Frank Kelliher** is now living with his son Joe and his family in Cambridge, MA. Since he's had trouble with his right hip and leg, he is enjoying this new arrangement that has him on the first floor without stairs to negotiate. In addition, he is spending lots of time with his granddaughter, Meghan.

**Doug Teschner** has finished up a 2.5 year job in Rwanda running a US government-funded project to assist the parliament there. He has accepted a new job in Morocco also working with the parliament. Doug, his wife Marte, and son, Luke, are living in Rubat. His older son, Ben, is a student at Colorado School of Mines.

**Chris Thayer** is "still at the AMC, lucky enough to work and play among the Whites. Wendy (younger sister to **OH Heather Harland Wingate**) and I are doing great based out of Sugar Hill, NH. See lots of current and former croo from our vantage point! Hello to all! Heather had Noah Crawford Wingate on June 20, 2004.

**Al Kamman** regrets that his feet and back won't get him to huts any longer, but he remembers with pleasure the years of fun he has had with the croo's and nature throughout the Whites.

**Harry Westcott** wrote in saying he spent "August in Norway chasing Polar bears in Svalbard and November in Hong Kong chasing shrinking dollars. Back to reality in our full-time motor home for the winter."

**Robert and Elizabeth Elsner** report that they are "still x-c skiing and snowmobiling in Alaska and make summer visits to the Whites."

**Charles Gregg** writes that he is sorry to miss MMVSP, but doesn't think he could "get up JQ, consume a lot of 'refreshments' and stagger home!"

**Cap Kane** is hoping to complete his 4,000-footer quest this winter by bagging Isolation and The Bonds. Good luck!

**Mike Bridgewater** lives in Warren, VT

where he runs Pegasus Restoration and recently got back on his skis after a three-year hiatus.

**Tom Caulkins** shared news of the dedication of the Stanley F. Caulkins Terminal at the Leesburg (VA) Executive Airport. He played a key role in the development of the airport and was honored for his great service to the town of Leesburg. He was a '46 OH (Madison floater) and flew B-17's over Europe during WWII. Also present for the dedication was **Roger Caulkins**.

**Amy (Holt) Curry** was recently married and now resides in Lynn, MA. She recently completed a 2nd forestry degree and is running ultra-marathons.

**Bertram Goodwin** reports that his new hip is coming along OK and hopes to make Spring Brawl.

**David Hickcox** is in his 27th year of teaching at Ohio Wesleyan University and spends his summers at Lake Memphremagog in VT. He says he checks out the Mt. Washington web cameras daily!

**Terry Wright** is building a house in Benton, CA – 40 mi. north of Bishop – at the foot of the California "White Mountains." He plans to plant grapes for a vineyard and continues to teach geology at Sonoma State University.

**Nate Emerson** shared that his daughter, Abigail, is a freshman at Hobart and William Smith Colleges and his son, Andrew, a junior at Acton-Boxboro High School.

**Robert Cary** was sorry to miss the winter reunion due to a birding trip in Northern India. He journeyed to the North Pole in August aboard the Yamal, a Russian nuclear-powered ice-breaker.

**Robin and Bob Najar** bought a camp off Carter Notch Road and can now hike over the ridge to the cabin!

**Bryan Cunningham** was recently accepted to nursing school.

**Henry Rogerson** weathered the hurricanes in Polk City, Florida this fall, sustaining a bit of roof damage. He'll be traveling north in the motor home once the snow melts.

**Charlie Kellogg** just completed a month-long trek of the Rolwaking Valley and Khumbu region in Nepal. He plans to spend some time skiing in the Jackson, NH area this winter.

**Earl Efinger** sends his best to all and was disappointed that his travel plans conflicted yet again with the winter reunion.

Congrats to **Helen Fremont** who was married to **Donna Thagard** last year. **David**

**Huntley, Laura McGrath** and their son Henry helped celebrate with some October hikes in the Whites.

**Alex McKenzie**, a.k.a. Mahoosuc Mac, did the range traverse (Crawford to Pinkham via Mizpah, Lakes and Madison) as part of an AT section hike in September.

**Joe Harrington** retired this past July and is traveling, doing volunteer work and keeping busy with the grandkids. He climbed in Germany last summer and skis Austria's Montafon Valley every year now in February or March.

**Fred Stott**, our reunion speaker, has completed a book of memoirs, *On and Off the Trail – Seventy Years with the Appalachian Mountain Club*. It is available through AMC Books.

**Edward Ted Vaill** enjoyed trekking with **Dawson Winch, Sue and John Gross, Jed Davis, Linus Story, Pete Grote and Jim and Laurie Hamilton** and friends to Everest Base Camp in 2004.

**Susanne Fogt** lives in Washington, DC and works for the Rails to Trails Conservancy.

**Jim Marston** reports that his "faith is God, prayer and an excellent surgeon saved him from death last January when he suffered a perforated colon and peritonitis." We're glad you are recovering nicely.

**Tim Hayman** spent December in New Zealand and is hoping to return there soon.

**Brooks and Petie Van Everen** have been in Colorado for 38 years and are enjoying their four kids and seven grandchildren. Brooks is a retired history professor.

**Elizabeth Seabury** lives in Concord, MA with husband, Tom Ryde and three kids, Hannah, Isabel and Henry. She teaches ESL at Bunker Hill Community College.

**Bruce James** reported of a "surprise encounter" on the trail between Bond and West Bond where he ran into **Tim Traver**. "We found each other hiking with two trekking poles and commiserated about protecting middle-aged knees after packing Lakes in the early '70's."

**Hal Bernsen** is enjoying life in Virginia Beach and makes an occasional trip to Hanover to renew college friendships at Dartmouth.

**Jean Bennion** saw **Ellie Whitten Spence** in August. She hopes to make the Spring Brawl and the MMVSP 40th Traverse. She's glad **Dick and Joan Lowe** are back home to stay in Hamilton after their stint in Saudi Arabia.

**Bill Hoffman** enjoyed seeing old friends at **George Hamilton's** June birthday party.

He and Silke have just purchased an old farmhouse in Sandwich, NH.

**Dick Maxwell** is looking forward to the Greenleaf reunion this August. Although he was broadsided on his bike in September, he trusts he will be in fine shape to make the trek in August.

**Hope (Cheney) Bentley** was married to James Bentley last August in Lake Leelonav, Michigan. They are working at Interlochen Arts Academy.

**Kurt Seitz**, grateful to have survived a July car accident, is looking forward to traveling to South America again.

**David Tosten** was planning on completing his 25-year quest to finish the AT last October. He lives in Kansas and returns to the Whites periodically for family vacations.

**David Albala** is still practicing medicine at Duke University and hopes to get up to the Whites this summer.

**Sandra Cohen** and husband, **Mike**, enjoyed a week of x-c skiing in the Adirondacks.

**Shannon Wood** is now living in Alstead, NH. And sends a "hello" to **Judge Meserve**.

**Leonard Dalton** says he's "74 years old and feeling great!"

**Jeff Damp** reports that "the mountains are still standing in Colorado – no faces have fallen off!"

**Joan Bishop** is "still kicken-working with flowers."

**Judy Geer** is enjoying more frequent trips to the Whites these days for hikes and x-c skiing. "It's been fun to get back to the huts and see the changes."

**Alex MacPhail** is working as a licensed social worker in Springfield, MA—mostly with kids. He got in several great hikes last summer with daughter, Lizzie, and this past fall with **Sheldon Perry** in the Mahoosuc and Sandwich Range. He was instrumental along with **Doug Dodd, Willy Ashbrook** and **Helen Hamilton** in organizing a surprise birthday party for **George Hamilton** in June that brought 90 OH together to honor their friend and former boss.

**John "Moose" Meserve** is president of Merrimac Savings Bank. He recently oversaw the opening of the bank's first branch in its 133-year history, opening in Newton, NH.

**Amy Porter** is engaged to be married this coming June in Maine.

**Mike Eckel** now works for the AP's Moscow bureau. He covered the horrific

school terror in Beslan last fall, as well as the more recent Ukrainian election controversy. He is also engaged to be married this June in Westport, MA.

**Dave Fonseca** wishes we hold our reunions at same location each year. Tough to find the place for the out of towners. Looks forward to the Spring Brawl. He recently retired after 35 years as natural resource planner. Has traveled in Alaska, Central America, Saudi Arabia and Mariana Islands in Guam.

**Porky Curwen** registered a high rating on this winter's reunion gathering and speakers, but felt the meal could have been more for the \$40.

Visit **Sally Dinsmore's** paintings on [www.sallydinsmore.com](http://www.sallydinsmore.com). She and **Ned Baldwin** are reserving space at Greenleaf's 75th.

**Pete Baldwin** made the Carter Night in September two years after total loss of the use of his right leg caused by a herniated disc. Surgery corrected it and he was a welcome OH. He had many stories about his year there in 1948.

Wow, another reunion, this one being the 20th anniversary of the Andy Boy Broccoli Club at Lakes on Saturday July 16. If there's still room at this writing, check with the AMC reservations and email **Andy Cohen** at [andy@okcohen.com](mailto:andy@okcohen.com). He's co-hosting it with **Chris Scovel**.



The **Middletons** took this picture of Bill Belcher and his model trains.

**Meredith Bellows** of Washington, DC will be married in June in Cambridge to a "big outdoorsman" with the mountains in their future.

Special member **Lib MacGregor Crooker Bates** writes that her son **Charlie Crooker** was married last May in Bridgewater to



Adrian. Her brother **Skiwax MacGregor** is making candlesticks and bookends from lilac wood and is into shuffleboard.

**Bruce and Mary Sloat** made the winter reunion and reported the arrival of a new grandson Noah Edgerton Sloat in Chicago. After they visited Carter in September, they went to Mizpah, then the next week to Zealand, Galehead and Greenleaf—four days and twenty-one miles. Also eight nights at Bruce's Hut on Mount Mary before closing Oct 22.

**Jean Farquhar McCoubrey** has lived in Philadelphia since 1980 is married with three children, practices architecture and heads north whenever possible.

**Brian Copp** would like to be at the Grand Traverse but ruptured disc might prevent it. He was patrolman #100.

**Phil Costello** has served as Executive Director of PROJECT USE for 34 years. In 2004, it was honored as National Project of the Year by the Association of Experimental Education.

**Charlie Stillman** sailed across the Pacific on a 42 foot boat encountering a Force 9 storm.

**Thom Davis** is preparing for an attempt on Aconcagua in Argentina this February.

**Cal Conniff**, a director of the New England Ski Museum, has been a dues payer since 1947.

**Scott Lutz** moved to Central Florida two years ago and cycles the rolling hills.

**Dijit Taylor** has two kids that have worked in the huts, **Hennah** at Mizpah Fall 02, 03 and **Bethany** at Lonesome 03, Mizpah 04 and Galehead 05.

**Martha Gamble** supervises Smugglers Notch Ski Program and guides hikes during the summer. Son Jasper will be three in February and is starting to ski independently.

**Jon Glase** will retire from Cornell faculty this spring.

**Larry Kilham** visited Denali in June, flew around it and saw the glaciers.

**Peter Grote** who took spectacular digital panoramas at Everest Base camp this spring, drove to Alaska in an RV to take pictures, but encountered a hot and smoky summer due to the Canadian forest fires. You can look at his work on [www.mastersofphotography.com](http://www.mastersofphotography.com).

Met **Chris Van Curan** at a February steering Committee Meeting. He has written about his years at Dolly Copp to be published in a future Resuscitator.

**Doug Shaffer** wants to invite all OH to his new spare ribs place Lester's Roadside BBQ on Rt. 3A in Burlington, MA opening in May.

Continued on page 19

## Greenleaf 75th Anniversary Saturday, August 13



Photo by Dick Smith

**T**HE GREENLEAF 75th combines two great gatherings—OH-at-a-Hut and an anniversary celebration. You have your choice to visit for the day, enjoy lunch, libation and reminiscences and spend the night or head back to the valley before dinner. Either way, you get the camaraderie of crews going back to the late 1940s, activities including the 1959 Septic System Walk—personally guided by its engineer Bruce Sloat—views from the lookouts, summiting, buffet at 1:00 p.m. and just general good reminiscing. Come meet the western contingent from Oregon and California!

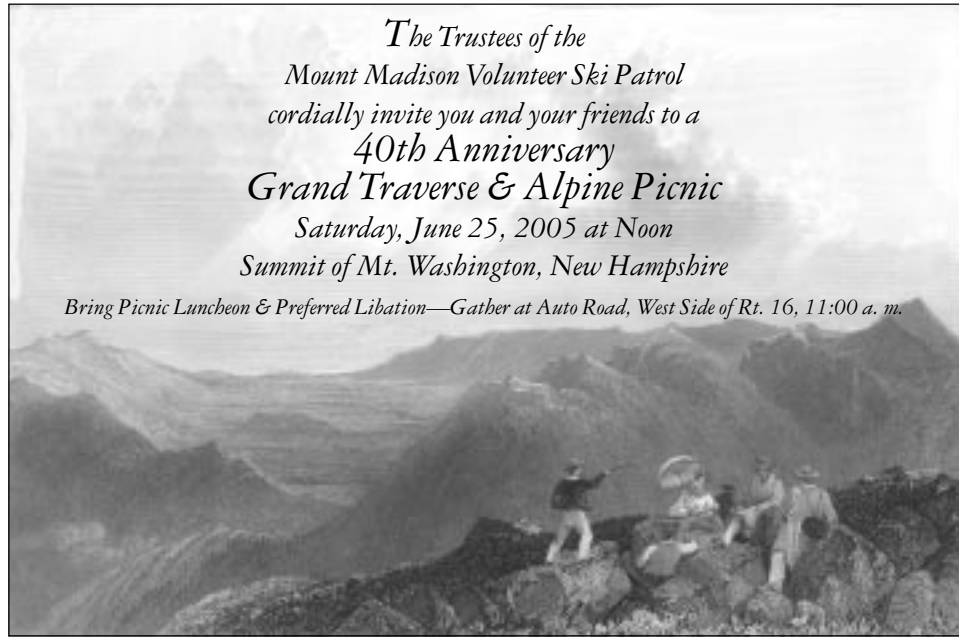
There is no limit for the day trippers, but beds are being snapped up fast so this is **LAST CALL** for making reservations for overnighters. Make your reservation now by emailing Moose Meserve at [jemkpm@comcast.net](mailto:jemkpm@comcast.net) and sending your check to the OHA. We have reserved the entire hut so all reservations will go through us. Use the order form on page 19.

For overnighters—which includes the day activities, buffet, refreshments, keepsake, commemorative Dave Porter CD, dinner, bed, BFD and hearty breakfast—\$75 total.

For day trippers, you get buffet, refreshments, keepsake and commemorative Dave Porter CD—all for \$20 (\$15 for OH under 25).

The Dave Porter CD is a compilation of pictures he collected at the Greenleaf 50th in 1980, updated with the past twenty-five years and to be finished off after the event with the anniversary pictures. If you have pictures from 1980-2005, you can send them to him now at 123 Swett Road, Woodside, CA 94062-4706, he will scan them and return them to you. All the pictures will be organized in the CD as a FlipBook album which allows you to interactively turn the pages.

For an update on who is attending, check [www.ohcroc.com](http://www.ohcroc.com).



*The Trustees of the  
Mount Madison Volunteer Ski Patrol  
cordially invite you and your friends to a  
40th Anniversary  
Grand Traverse & Alpine Picnic  
Saturday, June 25, 2005 at Noon  
Summit of Mt. Washington, New Hampshire*

*Bring Picnic Luncheon & Preferred Libation—Gather at Auto Road, West Side of Rt. 16, 11:00 a. m.*

**P**ATROL MEMBERS AND FRIENDS\* should assemble in the large gravel parking lot south of the entrance to the Auto Road at 10:00 - 10:30 AM (look for Patrol flags & purple shirts). Efforts to car-pool should then be pursued to minimize the Procession and its overall cost. All vehicles in the Procession should be lined up and ready to go by 10:45 AM. Thereafter, the Procession will gradually pass through the Toll Gate, assemble near the small gas station, and gracefully proceed to the Summit.

Space limitations at Halfway, created by its use now as a maintenance depot (piles of gravel, maintenance equipment, etc.), mean that we will be unable to stop there for personal and vehicular refreshment as in the past. However, if circumstances permit an alternate stop for these purposes may be made at The Horn.

Once the Procession reaches the Summit parking lots, the group will dismount, assemble on foot, and proceed with only “light rations” to the Grand Traverse of the New England 6,000-Footers. Thereafter, the group will return to the vehicles and descend to the Flats at the base of Bald Crag for the Alpine Picnic and its various celebrations. These will include (at least) the customary toasts, introduction of visiting dignitaries, the ceremony to induct new Patrol members, and widespread foraging among the picnic offerings presented by those in attendance.

**A**s recently indicated on the OHA website’s Message Board, a special commemorative sweater pin has been struck for this occasion, and these, along with the official and ever-popular Patrol T-shirt and patch, will be available for purchase at individually *di minimus* cost.

The Bald Crag Flats have been specially-selected for the Picnic’s “good-weather” location in deference to the now-numerous “senior” Patrol members who will likely be unable to arrange in advance for porters to carry their picnic hampers and sedan chairs. However, and as in past years, if uncomfortably inclement weather presents itself on the 25th, the Summit festivities will be convened instead in the warmer, drier, and easily-accessible confines of the Sherman Adams Building where several of your Patrol have the right connections.

At the suggestion of the Patrol’s Western Division, there will be an “Old T-Shirt Contest” conducted during the gathering. This contest, prompted by the display by Linus Story of a Patrol T-shirt (on his body!) that had been little washed and not repaired since the late-1960’s, will be won by the Patrol member who wears the Patrol T-shirt showing the most “character”. The judges will be specially selected for their “taste in such matters”, and their decision will be announced during the Picnic itself. The grand prize will be a new T-shirt and commemorative pin. Other prize winners will receive cold liquid refreshments.

Meanwhile, everyone on Mt. Washington is looking forward to the renewal of the Patrol’s activities, and the Trustees would like to offer thanks in advance to the Mt. Washington Auto Road, the NH Dept. of Parks and the Observatory for their help in organizing and facilitating this 40th Anniversary celebration. This is the only printed invitation you will receive. Please use the order form to give us a sense how many are coming.

*\*This event is open to **any** OH who wants to join in the fun;  
no prior affiliation with MMVSP required. Come and be initiated!  
Questions? Call Brian Fowler at (603) 527 0006 x 207 or email [bfnar@metrocast.net](mailto:bfnar@metrocast.net)*

Gormings continued from page 17

**Bruce Shields** missed winter reunion due to a busy schedule and preparations for sugaring.

**Harry Adams** is doing well after his operation last May.

**Anne Michalec Payson** returned to Kabul, Afghanistan in 2003 where she had lived as a child. She plans a return trip and is raising money to build a girls school.

**Davis Lewis** is living in Geyserville, CA wine country.

**Peter Fallon** and wife **June** have been RVing in Vero Beach, FLA while their home is being restored after the hurricanes. Says he was lucky not to lose the place altogether, though he did lose his fishing boat.



An early Grand Traverse from a slide supplied by John Nutter. How many of the Patrol do you recognize?

### Upcoming articles in future Resuscitators

Dolly Copp when it was run by the AMC by Chris van Curan; Obs and OH by Peggy Dillon who last wrote of the OH-Antarctica connection down under; Helicopters in the Whites to be compiled and written by Chris Stewart. BUT HERE'S WHERE CHRIS NEEDS YOUR HELP. Send us your remembrances of the 'copters and any pictures you may have which Chris can use in his article. Got any other ideas and materials for an article on any OH-related subject? Send it on!

#### Mizpah Framing

Mizpah is our current and third hut to preserve crew pictures. Send them to Sally Dinsmore Baldwin at Goldleaf Gallery, 41A Hemlock Lane N. Conway, NH 03860 (603) 356 8470

#### Zealand-Galehead Combined Reunions —Summer of 2006

The Zealand-Galehead combined 75th anniversaries will be celebrated in the summer of 2006. Details to follow, but anyone interested in serving on the planning committee for this event should contact Bill Barrett at PO Box 960085, Boston, MA 02196 or at [wllmbarrett@yahoo.com](mailto:wllmbarrett@yahoo.com)

Spring Order Form. Cut out, enclose check, news and mail to:  
OH Association 80 Rowley Bridge Road, Topsfield, MA 01983

I'm prepaying the full menu for Spring Brawl at  \$30 seafood,  \$15 for current croo and kids under 14. Non-seafood at  \$10,  \$8 for current croo and kids under 14. Lobsters and clams must be bought on a prepaid basis.

I'm making my resie with Moose for Greenleaf 75th—\$75 for overnight/\$20 for day, \$15 for OH under 25.....

Brian Fowler, see you at the Auto Road June 24 for 40th anniversary Grand Traverse. There will be.....in my party.

Oops! Here are my  \$20 dues for 2005. And here's extra for Cabin maintenance \$.....

(To date, fewer than 400 OH have paid 2005 dues. There are more than 1,000 OH receiving this request. Don't be a deadbead!)

I'm pitching in for the Mizpah Framing \$..... and contacting  Sally Baldwin at [goldleaf@ncia.net](mailto:goldleaf@ncia.net)

So here's my total \$..... for Spring Brawl;  for my forgotten dues;  for Greenleaf;  contribution towards Mizpah framing

Here's news, but I can be post it NOW by sending it to [www.ohcroc.com](http://www.ohcroc.com) Message Board or emailing Emily at [emuldoon@rcn.com](mailto:emuldoon@rcn.com)

.....  
.....  
.....  
.....



## 2005 Summer Staff List

### Carter

Sally Manikas CT  
TBA CT

### Madison

Dan St. Jean HM  
James Wrigley AHM  
Alana Sagin/Lynne Zummo  
Luke Ingram  
Amy Fleisher  
Gaby Stockmayer Naturalist

### Lakes

Jon Cotton HM  
Beth Weick AHM  
Dan Cawley  
Ashley Tetu  
Tina Dietrich  
Erin Robson  
David Kaplan  
TBA  
TBA Naturalist

### Mizpah

Mary Kuhn HM  
Alex Corey AHM  
Brianna Coolbeth  
Jacob Shwartz  
TBA

### Zealand

Chris Cawley HM  
McKenzie Jones AHM  
Tristan Williams  
Lyra Burch  
Caitlin McDonough Naturalist

### Galehead

Benny Taylor HM  
Eric Pedersen AHM  
Angel Avila  
Nate Lavey  
TBA Naturalist

### Greenleaf

Liza Knowles HM  
Michelle Dodge AHM  
Erica Marcus  
Steve Frens  
Philippe Schols  
Andrew Downs Naturalist

### Lonesome

Justin McEdward HM  
Heidi Magario AHM  
Holly Crimmins  
Heather Day  
Charles Bethea  
Tessa Stiven Naturalist  
Jake Lassow Naturalist

*Backcountry Education Assistant:* TBA

*Tucks Assistant:* Seth Burke

*Tucks Caretaker:* Gregg Smith

*Senior Interpretive Naturalist:* Nancy Ritger

*Huts Field Assistant:* TBA

*Huts Manager:* Mike Kautz



80 ROWLEY BRIDGE ROAD  
TOPSFIELD, MA 01983

PRESORTED STD  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
BROCKTON MA  
PERMIT #690

Return Service Requested

[www.ohcroc.com](http://www.ohcroc.com)

EDITORS

Emily Muldoon Kathan

Jim Hamilton